



H. Gravelot in:

G. Vander Gucht Scul.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

11763 PPP. 65
A

C O M E D Y.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, H. WOODFALL,
J. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK
and COLLINS, C. CORBET, W. JOHNSTON,
T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDS,
and the Executors of B. DODD.

MDCC LXVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE.

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dukedom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his Banishment.*
Jaques, }

Le Beau, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*

Oliver, *eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a Servant to the Duke.*

Jaques, } *Younger Brothers to Oliver.*
Orlando, }

Adam, *an old Servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.*

Dennis, *Servant to Oliver.*

Charles, *a Wrestler, and Servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

Touchestone, *a Clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.*

Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Silvius, }

A Clown, in love with Audrey.

William, *another Clown, in love with Audrey.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country-curate.*

Rosalind, *Daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *Daughter to Frederick.*

Phœbe, *a Shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country Wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with Pages,
Foresters, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lies first near Oliver's House,
and afterwards partly in the Duke's Court,
and partly in the Forest of Arden.*





AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, is was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by will, but a poor thousand crowns; and as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet masters be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding

hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exe. Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in; 'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind*, the Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have follow'd her exile, or have died to

stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less belov'd of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies lov'd as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I must for mine own honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but

but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship. [Exit.

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester; I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly belov'd; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier; unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport nei-

ther, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again,

Ref. What shall be the sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ref. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to woman.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Ref. Nay, now thou go'st from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Ref. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool, is the whetstone of the wits. How now, whither wander you?

Cl. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Cl. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ref. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Cl. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ref. Ay martyr, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Cl.

Clo. Stand you both forth now, stroke your chins, an swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn, no more was this knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have, makes a great shew? here comes *Monfieur Le Beau*.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable. *Bonjour, Monfieur le Beau*, what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princes, you have lost much sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank——

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies! I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their neck: Be it known unto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's wrestler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish, Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he's too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin: are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there's such odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth,

youth, I would feign dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

Orla. I attend her with all respect and duty.

Res. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw your self with your own eyes, or knew your self with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Res. Do, young Sir, your Reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Res. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Res. Fare you well; pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cla. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Cba. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock't before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now *Hercules* be thy speed, young man.

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *[They wrestle.]*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. *[Shout.]*

Duke. No more, no more. *[Charles is thrown.]*

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles*?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. *Orlando*, my liege, the youngest son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else; The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou hadst told me of another father. *[Exit Duke.]*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland's* son, His youngest son, and would not change that calling To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,

Your

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Your Mistress shall be happy.

Ref. Gentleman,

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means;
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? my better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintine, a mere lifeless block.

Ref. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ref. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exe. Ref. and Cel.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the shorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke.
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument.
But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And

And pity her for her good father's sake ;
 And on my life his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well ;
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [Exit.

Oria. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well !

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
 From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother ;
 But heav'nly *Rosalind* ! [Exit.

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have mercy ;
 not a word !

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are to precious to be cast away
 upon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame me
 with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the
 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
 without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's Child. Oh, how
 full of briers is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
 holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our
 very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are
 in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you; you will try in time in
 despite of a fall; but turning these jests out of service,
 let us talk in good earnest; is it possible on such a sudden
 you should fall into so strong a liking with old *Sir Row-
 land's* youngest son ?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his
 son dearly? by this kind of chase I should hate him, for
 my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well ?

Enter

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle!

Duke. You, cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold Intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with my own desires,

If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,

As I do trust I am not, then, dear uncle,

Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace itself:

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his Dukedom,
So was I when your highness banish'd him;

Treason is not inherited, my Lord;

Or if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my Liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her; if she be a traitor,

Why, so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

And

And wherefoe'er we went, like *Juno's* swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous
When she is gone; then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have past upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Liege,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool; you, niece, provide yourself;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die. [*Exe. Duke, &c.*]

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin,
Pr'ythee be chearful; know'st thou not the Duke
Has banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sundred? shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smutch my face,
The like do you, so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man;
A gallant cutle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outsize,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

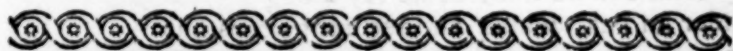
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* own page,
And therefore look ye call me *Ganymed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court;
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our Jewels and our Wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

A FOREST.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords
like foresters.*

DUKE senior.

NOW my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
'Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
'Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
'More free from peril than the envious court?
'Here feel we not the penalty of *Adam*,

'The

- The season's difference, as the icy phang,
- And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
- Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
- Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
- This is no flattery: these are counsellors
- That feelingly persuade me what I am.
- Sweet are the uses of adversity,
- Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
- Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
- And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
- Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
- Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round hanches goar'd.

Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens* and my self
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extreme verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.

First,

First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery do part
 The flux of company: anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 'To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Palace again.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be; some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My Lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
 Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing;
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles*;
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That

That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? oh, my gentle master,
Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives;
Your brother——(no; no brother, yet the son,
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither *Adam* wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. ' But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
 ' The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 ' Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
 ' When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 ' And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 ' Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed,
 ' Yea providently caters for the sparrow,
 ' Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
 ' All this I give you, let me be your servant;
 ' Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
 ' For in my youth I never did apply
 ' Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 ' Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 ' The means of weakness and debility:
 ' Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 ' Frosty, but kindly, let me go with you,
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh, good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world;
 When service sweat for duty, not for meede!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times.
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion,
 And having that do choak their service up
 Even with the having; it is not so with thee:
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
 But, come thy ways, we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week;

Yet

Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exit.*

The Forest.

Enter Rosalind in Boy's clothes for Ganimed, Celia dress'd like a Shepherdess for Aliena, and Clown.

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to shew itself courageous to petticoat; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no farther.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay, now am I in *Arden*, the more fool I, when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good *Touchstone*: look you who comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk.

. Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou can'st not guess,
Tho' in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. 'O thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;

- If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
- That ever love did make thee run into,
- Thou hast not lov'd.
- Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
- Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
- Thou hast not lov'd.
- Or if thou hast not broke from company,
- Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
- Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*!

[Exit *Sil.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in love,
I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember
the kissing of her 'batlet, and the cow's dugs that her
pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the
wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took
two cods, and giving her them again, said with weep-
ing tears, wear these for my sake. We that are true
lovers run into strange capers; but all is mortal in na-
ture, so is all nature in love, mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of my own wit, till
I break wy shins against it.

Ros. *Jove!* *Jove!* this shepherd's passion is much
upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you, clown.

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace I say; good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am a shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his coat, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ref. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere while
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waste
My time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold;
Go with me; if you like upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others

S O N G.

*Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs:
more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged, I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire
you to sing; come, come, another stanza; call you 'em
stanza's!

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me
nothing. Will you sing?

Ami,

Ami. More at your request, than to please my self.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues——

Ami. Well, I'll end the song, Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i'th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come, hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepar'd.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! here lye I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a-while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good *Adam*. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Duke Sen. and lords. *[A table set out.]*

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:
Go seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

• Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
• Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune:
• And then he drew a dial from his poak,
• And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
• Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock:

• Thus

' Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags;
 ' 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 ' And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
 ' And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 ' And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 ' And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative:
 And I did laugh sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
 A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier.
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit,
 Provided that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise: I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have:
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 They most must laugh: and why, Sir, must they so?
 The why is plain, as way to parish church;
 He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring glances of a fool.
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy self hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus holden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first, the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture: but forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness
Shall force,

More

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
‘ That in this desert inaccessible,
‘ Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
‘ Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
‘ If ever you have look’d on better days;
‘ If ever been where bells have knoll’d to church;
‘ If ever sat at any good man’s feast;
‘ If ever from your eye-lids wip’d a tear,
‘ And know what ’tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll’d to church,
And sat at good men’s feasts, and wip’d our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender’d:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministr’d.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp’d in pure love; ’till he be first suffic’d,
Oppress’d with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste ’till you return.

Orla. I thank ye, and be blest’d for your good com-
fort.

[*Exit.*]

Duke Sen. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jaq. ‘ All the world’s a stage,
‘ And all the men and women merely players;
‘ They have their exits and their entrances,

- And one man in his time plays many parts :
- His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
- Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
- And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
- And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
- Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
- Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
- Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
- Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
- Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
- Seeking the bubble reputation
- Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice
- In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
- With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
- Full of wise saws and modern instances,
- And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
- Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
- With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
- His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
- For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice
- Turning again toward childish treble pipes,
- And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
- That ends this strange eventful history,
- Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,
- Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome : set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too : I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some musick, and, good cousin, sing.

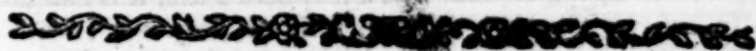
S O N G.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.*

Heigh

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limb'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art welcome, as thy master is;
Support him by the Arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

DUKE.

NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it,
Find out thy brother wheresoever he is,
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh that your highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exeunt.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou thrice crowned Queen of night survey,
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Mr.
Touchstone?

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good
life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.
In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in
respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in
respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in re-
spect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life, look you, it fits my honour well; but as there is
no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.
Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens,
the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money,
means, and content, is without three good friends. That
the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that
good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of
the night is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no
wit by nature or art, may complain of good breeding,
or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever
in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clo.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked: and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Clo. Why do not your courtiers hands sweat? and is not the grease of mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? shallow, shallow; a better instance, I say: come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? the courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man: thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed; learn of the wise and perpend; a civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. 'Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat: get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle, to be a bawd to a bell-weather, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth old to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match.

match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind with a paper.

Ros. From the east to the western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Clo. I'll rhyme you so eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ref. Out, fool.

Clo. For a taste.

*If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest * nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Ref. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ref. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the world judge.

* in ct.

Enter

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*

For it is unpeopled. No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span,

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some of violated vows,

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read to know

This quintessence of every sprite,

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd,

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd;

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts,

By heav'nly synod was devis'd,

Of many faces, eyes and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heav'n would that she these gifts should have.

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle *Jupiter*! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel. How now, back-friends! shepherd, go off a little: go with him, firrah.

Clo. Come shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrip-page.

[*Ex. Cor. and Clown.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros.

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ref. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ref. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rhim'd since *Pythagoras's* time, that I was an *Irish* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ref. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ref. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping—

Ref. Odd's, my complexion, dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hose in my disposition? one inch of delay more, is a south-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee tell me who is it, quickly, and speak apace; I would thou could'st flammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all, I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard?

Ref. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: to say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Jove's* tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be a pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous, he comes to kill my hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I think I must speak: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he, flink by, and note him.

Jaq.

Jaq. I thank you for your company ; but good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I ; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalind* is your love's name.

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of ?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers ; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings.

Orla. Not so : but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue ; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook, look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you ; farewell, good signior love. [Exit.]

Orla. I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur melancholy.

Ros.

Ref. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well, what would you?

Ref. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You should ask me what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ref. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ref. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers persons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ref. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a fennight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Ref. With a priest that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ref. With a thief to the gallows: for tho' he goes as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it still withal?

Ref. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ref. With this shepherdes, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ref.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it. I thank God, I am not a woman to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not. a beard neglected, which you have not, but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard, is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as loving your self, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the

the which women still give the lye to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein *Rosalind* is so admir'd?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cur'd, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him; then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I will not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: come sister, will you go?

[Exit.]

Enter Clown, Audrey, and Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us; what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-habited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honny a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness; slut-tishness may come hereafter; but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me at this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would feign see this meeting.

Aud.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn'd-beasts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so——poor men alone——no, no, the noblest deer hath then as huge as the rascal: is the single man therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed! proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master what-ye call: how do you, Sir, you are very well met: Godild you for your last company, I am very glad to see you, even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon his bells, so man hath his desire; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot, then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in baudry: farewell, good Mr. *Oliver*; not, O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: but wind away, begone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exeunt.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee, but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of a dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas's*: marry, his kisses are *Judas's* own children.

Ros. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of *Diana*; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his variety in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was: I told him of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what

what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not scorn me, do not, *Phebe*;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness, the common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frail't and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon, why now fall down;

Or

Or if thou can'st not, oh for shame, for shame
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rust,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,

If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the pow'r of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
 As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ref. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and rail, at once
 Over the wretched? what though you have no beauty,
 (As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without a candle may go dark to bed,)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work: odds, my little life,
 I think she means to tangle mine eyes too;
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it,
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a proper man
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
 That make the world so full of ill-favour'd children;
 'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter her,
 And out of you she sees herself more proper
 Than any of her lineaments can shew her,
 But, mistress, know your self, down on your knees,

And

And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love ;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets,
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer,
 So take her to thee ; shepherd, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together ;
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ref. He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and she'll
 fall in love with mine anger. If it be so, as fast as she an-
 swers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter
 words : Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine ;
 Besides, I like you not. If you would know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by :
 Will you go, sister ? shepherd, ply her hard :
 Come, sister ; shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud, tho' all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
 Come, to our flock.

[*Exit.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* !

Phe. Hah, what say'st thou, *Silvius* ?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be ;
 If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
 By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
 Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee ;
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
 But since that thou can't talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
 But do not look for further recompence,
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And such a poverty of grace attends it,
 That I should think it a most plenteous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
 A scatter'd ~~flower~~, and that I'll live upon. [while?

Pbe. Kow'lt thou the youth, that spoke to me ere-

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 That the old *Carlot* once was master of.

Pbe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
 'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.

But what care I for words? yet words do well,
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear:
 It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
 But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
 He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
 Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
 He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
 His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well;

* There was a pretty redness in his lip,
 * A little ripen, and more lusty red
 * Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 * Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him: but for my part
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him;

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:

I marvel why I answer'd not again,
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou *Silvius*?

Sil. *Phoebe*, with all my heart.

Pbe. I'll write it straight:

The matter's in my head, and in my heart.
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
 Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt*.
 ACT



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

J A Q U E S.

I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalind*.

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse.

[*Exit.*
Ros.

Ref. Farewel, monsieur traveller; look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ref. Break an hour's promise in love? he that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of a thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Ref. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ref. Ay, of a snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ref. Why, horns; which such as you, are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ref. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Ref. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holy day humour, and like enough to consent; what would you say to me now, an I were your very, very *Rosalind*?

Orla. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ref. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla.

Orla. How if the kifs be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause: *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellepont*, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—*Hero* of *Sestos*. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry

us. Give me your hand, *Orlando*: what do you say, Sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ref. You must begin, will you, *Orlando*—

Cel. Go to; will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orla. I will.

Ref. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ref. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ref. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ref. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Ref. Say a day without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*,
 ' men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they
 ' wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky
 ' changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of
 ' thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more
 ' clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled
 ' than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey;
 ' I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain, and
 ' I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry;
 ' I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd
 ' to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

Ref. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wife.

Ref. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors fast upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Ola. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit, whether wilt?

Ref.

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two a-clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu. [Exit *Orla*.]

Cel. You have simply misas'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was

• was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of
 • madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's
 • eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how
 • deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be
 • out of the sight of *Orlando*, I'll go find a shadow, and
 • sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a *Roman* conqueror, and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall be have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home,—take thou no scorn

To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now, is it not past two a-clock? I wonder much *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
 My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
 I know not the contents; but as I guess,
 By the stern brow, and waspish action
 Which she did use as she was writing of it,
 It bears an angry tenure; pardon me,
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ref.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phoenix: odds, my will,
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A free-stone colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a housewife's hand, but that's no matter;
I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like *Turk* to Christian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention.
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe's* cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebe's* me, mark, how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?

*Whiles you chide me, I did love,
 How then might your prayers move?
 He that brings this love to thee,
 Little knows this love in me;
 And by him seal up thy mind,
 Whether that thy youth and kind
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make;
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ref. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity: wilt thou love such a woman? what, to make thee an instrument, and play false† strains upon thee? not to be endur'd! well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her, that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit Sil.]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know, Where, in the purlews of this forest, stands A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour-bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream, Left on your right hand, brings you to the place; But at this hour the house doth keep it self, There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such years: the boy is fair, Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe Sister: but the woman low, And browner than her brother. Are not you The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both; And to that youth he calls his *Resulind* He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

† *Strings.*

Ref.

Ref. I am, what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and pacing through the forest
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what beset! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself.

‘ Under an oak, whose boughs were moss’d with age,

‘ And high-top bald, of dry antiquity :

‘ A wretched ragged man o’ergrown with hair,

‘ Lay sleeping on his back ? about his neck

‘ A green and gilded snake had wreath’d it self,

‘ Who with her head, nimble in threats approach’d

‘ The opening of his mouth : but suddenly.

‘ Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink’d itself,

‘ And with indented glides did slip away

‘ Into a bush, under which bush’s shade

‘ A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

‘ Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch

‘ When that the sleeping man should stir ; for ’tis

‘ The royal disposition of that beast

‘ To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :

This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,

And he did render him the most unnatural

That liv’d ’mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do ;

Eor well I know he was unnatural.

Ref. But to *Orlando* ; did he leave him there,

Food to the sack’d and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos’d so :

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature stronger than his just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness :

Who quickly fell before him, in which * hurtling

From miserable slumber I awak’d.

* hurtling, *skirmishing.*

Cel.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ref. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I, but 'tis not I; I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,

Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that desert place;

In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love,

Who led me instantly unto his cave,

There strip'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cry'd in fainting upon *Rosalind*.

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,

And after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now, *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*?

[*Ref.* faints.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood,

Cel. There is no more in't: cousin *Ganimed*?

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ref. Would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Ref. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited, I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ref.

Ref. Counterfeit, I assure you.

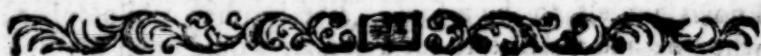
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ref. So I do: but i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back, How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ref. I shall devise something; but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exe.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

CLOWN.

WE shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a most vile *Martext*! but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will.

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age; is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good answer: art rich?

Will. Faith, Sir, so, so.

Col. So so is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why thou say'st well: I do now remember a saying, the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me thy hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you clown, abandon; which is in the vulgar, leave the society; which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or clown thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o'er-run thee with policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter *Corin*.

Car. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo.

Clo. Trip, *Audroy*, trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Its't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her; and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me I love *Aliena*; say with her that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good: for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's* will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and *Cesar's* thraasonical brag of I came, saw, and overcame: for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they

they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes: by so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*.

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do your ſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three years old, converſt with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind*, ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtreights of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow; human as ſhe is; and without any danger.

Orla. Speakeſt thou in ſober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do, which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician: therefore put you on your beſt array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs, To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my ſtudy

To

To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
 You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
 Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. ' Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. ' It is to be made all of sighs and tears,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. ' It is to be made all of faith and service;

' And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. ' It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

' All adoration, duty and observance,

' All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

' All purity, all tryal, all observance;

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[To Ros.]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[To Phe.]

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Irisb* wolves against the moon; I will help you if I can: I would love you if I cou'd; to-morrow meet me all together: I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow; [To Phe.] I will satisfy you, If ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow; [To Orl.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow; [To Sil.] As you love *Rosalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman,

woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*; to-morrow we will be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, sit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

1 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn field did pass

In the spring time; the pretty spring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a-ding, ding,

Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;

For love is crown'd with the prime,

In the spring time. &c.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

These pretty country-folks would lye,

In the spring time, &c.

The carrol they began that hour.

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

How that a life was but a flower,

In the spring time, &c.

Clo.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

Page. You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but lost time to hear such a foolish song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey*. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Duke Senior*, *Amiens*, *Jaques*, *Orlando*, *Oliver*, and *Celia*.

Duke Sen. Do'st thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promis'd?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not, As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter *Rosalind*, *Silvius* and *Phebe*.

Ros. Patience once more, whilst our compact is urg'd; You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke.] You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her when I bring her? [To Orlando.]

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing. [To Phebe.]

Phe. That will I should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will? [To Silvius.]

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter even; Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter; You, yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter; Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me; Or else refusing me to wed this shepherd. Keep your word *Silvius*, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me; and from hence I go

To make these doubts all even. [Ex. *Ros.* and *Celia*.]

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd boy, Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla.

Orla. My Lord, the first time I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great Magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good, my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the
motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the
forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. 'If any man doubt that, let him put me to my
purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flatter'd a
lady, I have been politick with my friend, smooth
with mine enemy, I have undone three taylors, I have
had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon
the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause? good, my lord, like this
fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I desire you of the like: I
press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copu-
latives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marri-
age binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-
favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor humour of
mine, Sir, to take that no man else will. Rich ho-
nesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your
pearl in your foul oysters.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fools bolt, Sir, and such dulcet
diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause; how did you find the
quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times remov'd; (bear your
body more seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dis-
like

like the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he wou'd send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call'd the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie; this is call'd the countercheck quarrelsome; and so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O, Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous: the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves one of them thought but of an *If*; as, if you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

Still Musick.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heav'n,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good

*Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself; for I am yours. [*To the D.*
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

Duke Sen. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in fight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If fight and shape be true,
Why then my love adieu.

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace-hoa; I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in *Hymen's* bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed your selves with questioning:
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Junio's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town.
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every town.*

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me
Even daughter—welcome, in no less degree.

Ph. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancy, to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two,
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands with-held: and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were all begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrew'd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry;
Play, musick, and brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath,

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd,
You to your former honour I bequeath. [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:

You

You to a love that your true faith doth merit; [*To Orla.*
 You to your land and love, and great allies; [*To Oli.*
 You to a long and well deserved bed; [*To Silv.*
 And your to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To the clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
 As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue,
 but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the
 prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,
 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to
 good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays
 prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What
 a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue,
 nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play?
 I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will
 not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll
 begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for
 the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as
 pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love
 you bear to women, (as I perceive by your frowning,
 none of you hate them) that between you and the wo-
 men, the play may please: If I were a woman, I would
 kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me,
 complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd
 not: and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or
 good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer,
 when I make cur't'fy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt omnes.*



a.
li.
v.

n.

e,
t.
s,

e,
ne
b,
to
ys
at

e,
?
ll
ll

or
as

re
g.
o-
ld
e,
d
or
r,
s.